

I NEED WORDS

They hesitate, stutter, fumble
They are choked inside my stomach
I can't say them, have I not been humble?
But yet they won't budge.

Is it that I cannot speak
Or are there no words to say
Why cannot I comfort her; am I weak?
That I cannot express my sympathy.

I will send a card
I cannot face her
I am speechless, oh God
I cannot stand her pain.
Her mother's shadow, lim, on the wall,
It haunts me.

THIRST

Human Society is such that one must laugh -

They try so hard.

They seek both knowledge and man

And often gain but one.

They must decide which shall be the beer

And which the champagne

And then thirst.

But no, the challenge to their egos must be met.

They must have both.

They seek the platitudes of compromise

And lose the end.

For the means attempt to close the parallels

But, geometrically, my friends,

The cause is lost.

LONELINESS

An empty room, full of people
A deserted street in the midst of traffic
Broadway on a Saturday night
Walking alone.

A cheering crowd on opening day
A first-nighter with a full house
A subway during rush hour
Watching alone.

An empty cathedral on Easter morn
A vacant dining room on Christmas Day
A lonely city of teeming millions
Have I a friend?

RAIN

The sun is bright, the air warm
Life is still, untroubled.
And then, the clouds storm
Oh, rain!

Why do you disturb the calm?

Why do you cry?

Shattering the gloomy silence
Of a suddenly overcast sky
Falling through the twilight
As weary travelers trudge by.

It is brightening! The sky
Breaks into a broad grin
Oh, but it isn't laughing
That rain has brought along
A bit of melancholy.

HORIZONS

What is that beyond
Where sky meets wave, that infinitesimal
Paradise of calm and peace,
With restful tufts of cloud as its roof
And hidden paragons of a new life
Beneath. Undimmed by mankind or
Mountain, war or wealth;
It is beyond the clouds, the sand
and the sea, and yet -
Is it within vision?

RHYME

Man liveth at the river bank
Rising with the tide
And when the floods have gone their way
Man has often died.

Leaving nought of everything
And little of much else
What use was he who could not even
Will some common sense.

For man is wont to gather up
Along the sands of time
A precious lot of nothing
But - unnecessary rhyme.